Mrs. S. J. Kirkwood,
Wooster,
Ohio.

U.S. of America.

11½ x 3½ x 6

I must close now and take this to the office. There is a branch office just around the corner from here.

Remember me to all. With much love, your husband,

S. J. Kirkwood.

Rome, Italy, April 26th, 1889.

My dear Wife: It is now six o'clock Friday evening, and I will begin a letter to you, finishing it to-morrow so that it will be sure to get out Wednesday's Steamer. This has been a rainy, disagreeable day. It is damp, and a little chilly, this evening. I am not certain yet but I will start a little fire. I am sitting now with my heavy overcoat on and buttoned up tight.

I did not get a great deal accomplished to-day. It was such a bad day, and somehow I did not feel like doing much.

I went to the Borghese Picture Gallery in the forenoon. Then came home and ate my lunch. Then I tried to find the office of the U. S. Legation. Had quite a hunt for it. They had moved. At last found the place. Saw the Consul. It was after office hours for the Legation. I am inclined to think the U. S. minister at Rome does not do very much.

After that I went down beyond the Capitol into what used to be the Ghetto. It seems to be all changed, now, however.

I then wandered across the bridge to the island, and then on to the other side of the river. Wandered around there for some time. It is a pretty rough looking quarter.

After a time I began to get tired, and became satisfied with that region, and returned to the capitol, took another look at Marcus Aurelius and his horse, went down the steps east of the capitol, took a good look at the Forum, walked around it some, then up by Trajan's column, to the Piazza Venezia, took a car and came up the Corso to my street, walked over to the Restaurant, got a dish of maccaroni soup, a piece of beef-steak, some mashed potatoes, and a roll of bread, for which I paid 27 cts., and then came to my room.

I hope it will be clearer, and a little warmer to-morrow. I think I shall go to bed very early to-night, hoping to get a good night's rest.

Yesterday, I was out at Hadrian's Villa and Tivoli. The day was a pleasant one, and I had a very interesting and pleasant trip. I went to the tramway station a little before nine in the morning. After a little a party of seven or eight came in, and I recognized the leader as a gentleman whom I had seen at the Scotch Church, and who seemed to be an Elder there. I asked him if they were going to Tivoli. He said they were, asked me if I was going, and invited me to join their party. Said he had seen me at church the last two sabbaths. He then introduced me to his wife, daughters, and three young Englishmen visiting here. He has lived in Italy for twenty years, can talk Italian like a na-

tive, &c. He managed things for the party. He is a Railway engineer and Contractor. His name is McKenzie - a Scotchman. He is now building a Railway in Sicily. He is an intelligent, well-informed, man. Hadrian's Villa is now a very extensive series of ruins. There is enough of it remaining to show something of what a grand and magnificent affair it must have been.

After spending a short time looking through it we returned to the station and went on a couple of miles further - twenty miles from Rome - to Tivoli. For the last mile, or more, we wound up the mountain side, on a very steep grade, through groves of olive trees. Most of the trees were old, and near the ground the trunks were all split apart and broken through, so that you would think the tree could not be alive at all, but the tops were green and thrifty and bearing fruit. They bear two crops a year. I think I shall have a little better notion hereafter of what the "Mt. of Olives" looked like. The special attraction at Tivoli is the great deep gorge in the mountains, through which the little river falls in a series of most wonderful and beautiful Cascades. When we were about half-way down the principal fall, right close to it, and a great amount of spray rising from it, the sun came suddenly out from behind the clouds and formed a most beautiful rainbow. The secondary bow was clearly visible also. From the high ground around the top of the Cascades we had most lovely views of the stony mountains above us, the gorge with its cascades and gardens beneath us, the town across, and through the opening before us the wide stretch of the beautiful, green Campagna stretching away as far as the eye could reach, with St. Peter's dome clearly visible some twenty miles away. It was a view long to be remembered. I was sorry our trip was so hasty a one. I should have been glad to look at it all more leisurely. About half past four we came back to the station and started for Rome.

I did not get to my room until about seven.

I still expect to leave here on Tuesday morning. I think that will be as long as I can afford to stay. I think I have succeeded pretty well in seeing all the most important and interesting places and objects. When I get home, I want to read about Rome and Venice with you, and tell you all I can about what I have seen.

I think I can make many things clearer and more interesting to you.

I have felt a little blue and lonely to-day. I should feel more so this evening, if it were not that I have determined not to let myself feel so, as long as I keep well. I shall try to keep busy till early bed-time.

I hope I shall get a letter from you to-morrow. I got that letter written to Prof. Notestein the other day. I hope you are feeling better to-day. I will write some more to-morrow. Remember me to all. Your loving husband S. T. Kirkwood.

My Dear Wife: It is now five o'clock Saturday evening. I have just had my dinner, and will now finish this letter and mail it.

I hoped to get a letter from you this morning, but was disappointed. Perhaps it may come to-morrow morning. I hope at any rate I shall hear on Monday, for I want to go to Naples early on Tuesday morning. This had been a bright, beautiful day, and I have got a good deal accomplished. I started at eight o'clock this morning, strolled up the Corso to the Piazza del Popolo, looked into both those churches, then strolled slowly down the Corso looking at a number of points of interest. When about two thirds of the way down, I turned to the right, found the entrance to the Observatory of the College Romano, gave my card to the Porter, asking him to give it to the director of the Observatory. He took it up, and after a little he, having returned, was told through a speaking tube, or telephone, to send me up. He took me to the Stairway and bid me to go ahead. The Director was not there, but the Assistant Director was. I presented my letter of introduction, and he was very kind and courteous. Showed me everything they had. He understood and spoke English pretty well.

I was much interested in seeing the place where, and the instruments with which, Father Secchi, the distinguished Roman Astronomer, had done his work and made his discoveries.

When I was coming away, he gave me a photograph of Father Secchi, and also one of Prof. Schiaparelli, another distinguished man at the University of Padua. I also went into the Church adjoining the College. I then went on down the Corso. I came to the Doria Palace, but supposed it was not open (I mean the Picture Gallery) to-day. The gate was open, and I looked in at the fountain and flowers, &c. The motioned me in. I asked if the Picture Gallery was open. He politely motioned me to a Stairway at the other end of the Court, and said it went to the Gallery.

I went up, and rung the bell at the head of the stairway. The Porter opened, and I found several already in. It is a very large Gallery, and some good pictures and statuary. I admitted all through, looking at most, and looking carefully at some things.

After coming out I went on down the Corso, looking at a couple of other palaces; and when I got to the foot of the Corso, I went west a square to look at the Church of Gesu, the Church of the Jesuits. It is a large and magnificent Church. I saw the pictures, and the Columns

covered with Lapis Lazuli, and the globe of Lapis Lazuli. This is said to be the largest single piece of that material in existence. It looked to me to be at least 2½ ft. in diameter. It may have been three feet. It is difficult to tell at such a height as it is. I then came back to the Piazza Venezia, and took a car for the Colosseum. I went in, got a chair from the Custodiali's office, and sat down just inside of the inner wall, where I had a good view of the interior of the Colosseum, and ate my lunch. It being now half past twelve, and I being tired and hungry. I forgot to mention that after going to the Observatory, I went on a short distance to the Pantheon and remained there a little before returning to the Corso. I met some Chicago people there.

After finishing my lunch, I strolled up by the Arch of Constantine, through the Arch of Titus, across to the Basilica of Constantine, on past the temple of Romulus, the temple of Faustina, on through the temple of Caesar, up through the Forum to the Arch of Septimius Severus, across by the column of Phocas, past the Temple of Saturn, back through the Basilica of Julia, up over the ruins of the temple of Castor, and out of the enclosure there, then I walked around the enclosure on the street above, up to the Piazza of Venezia, and took a Corso car for my street. When I got to my room I was very tired, I rested a little while, and took a car for the Barberini Palace, to see the Pictures there. There were not many, only three rooms. Of course it was Guid Reni's picture of Beatrice Cinci that I wished particularly to see. I was disappointed in it. It is not a strong face at all. On the contrary the picture makes her look like a girl of weak character. There were a few other good pictures.

I was now not far from the Church of the Cappuchin's so, I went over there to take another look at St. Michael. The Curtain was over it, but I sent for a monk, who came and drew back the curtain. By this time there were two or three others there to look at it. It is a very fine picture. We enjoyed it quite a while.

I then took a car, but stopped before I got quite to my room to look over some unmounted photographs, but they were not very good. I then went to the Restaurant, got my dinner, and came to my room and began writing.

I must tell you that at 7 o'clock last night I went to the fuel shop around the corner, and bought 5 sticks of wood each about 1½ ft. long. 2 of them 4 in. in diameter, the other 3 1½ in. I had two or three little bunches of kindling. My wood cost 4 cts. I brought it up, made a cheerful little fire which burned slowly and nicely for two or three hours, and made my room much more pleasant and comfortable. I had a good night's sleep and have felt well to-day.

I hope you are feeling much better this evening, and that you have been out several times before this. How I wish I could see you this evening.

I wonder who will preach in Chapel to-morrow.